

# Fashion's Fancies...

## STORY TELLING FOR PROFIT.

A Vocation Which Serves to Earn a Livelihood.

The information has just been spread abroad that a new avenue toward earning a livelihood has opened itself to women. A young English woman has lately become a professional story teller and goes



COSTUME OF SUDE BEINGALINE.

about to country houses in the guise of a guest to amuse her companions on rainy afternoons. The idea is a good one, but by no means new, and the fact that the first mentioned young woman is the first person known publicly to follow the calling, at least out of the Orient, does not prove her to be specially original, for the heroine of one of Thomas Hardy's novels, "The Hand of Ethelberta," if recollection serves, earns her living by means of her impromptu narrative powers and indeed supports her whole family by exercising her enviable faculty in the houses of her wealthy friends. However, if the real story teller did get her notion from Mr. Hardy, it is nothing against her, and it is to be hoped that she will be successful enough to make the spinning of yarns a recognized calling, provided the public will refuse to accept any except first class entertainment. We all like to read stories of adventure and supernatural incident, and even like to hear tales that we have already read recited by an eloquentist. How much pleasanter it will be to have original tales told, with all the natural inflections of tenderness, pathos, fury and horror which we have retained in our reading! There are persons who can talk very cleverly and tell a joke or story to admiration, but who, when requested to write the same things for publication, are utterly at a loss and cannot set down a word. From the ranks of these individuals the corps of professional story tellers should be recruited, for there is no reason why spoken narratives should have no market value while written ones have a recognized price. A ready tongue is one of the most desirable gifts that nature can bestow, but heretofore it has been of little practical value unless the possessor became a lecturer or political speaker. If women who possess the power of invention and flowing speech will take pains to qualify themselves and put conscientious effort into their preparation, they ought to make a great success of the new profession and will be more to be envied than actors and actresses, for the latter sway their auditors through the medium of other persons' thoughts, while the story teller's influence is entirely personal.

The costume shown is of suede bengaline. The draped skirt opens over a panel of white embroidered gauze and is tied by a knot of moss green moire. The blouse corsage has a long basque and is gathered to a yoke of bias bands of moire and plaid gauze. The balloon sleeves are of suede bengaline, the full epaulettes of moire over gauze.

## VARIOUS NOTES.

Wherein Parisian Women Are Far In Advance of the Americans.

A French household writer recommends dipping net or gimpure curtains that have been washed into a mixture of gum arabic and water in the proportion of 30 grams of gum arabic to a quart of water. A yellow tinge may be obtained by adding a little saffron previously dissolved in water. Tea may be used in place of saffron. A still deeper tint is secured by using coffee.

Lemon juice, although it gives transparency to the nails, should not be used on them often, for it discolors the skin about the nail, and the property of drying the skin about the edge of the nail, thereby encouraging hang nails, which are painful as well as unsightly.

Ornamental hairpins are very favorably regarded at the present time. Gold and jeweled ornaments are said to look well in all shades of hair, although diamond pins, as jewelry, are more to be admired for their brilliancy than for their utility. Aqua marina or turquoise is better for golden locks, while coral is best for black hair. Plain gold pins are particularly effective in red and chestnut hair, while silver harmonizes well with flaxen or gray hair.

It is a pity that topazes still remain out of fashion. They were highly prized 80 years ago, and the pure white variety, when it is a true topaz, still commands the respectful attention of the jeweler in spite of public neglect. The pink topaz, being rare, is also valued, but no variety is more beautiful than the pure yellow.

In one respect at least—and this is said with no thought of deprecating American womanhood on general principles—Parisian women are far in advance of us. Their adornment for its beauty and becomingness rather than for its pecuniary value. This arises from the fact that their perceptions have been rendered more accurate by being developed amid the results of ages of artistic culture, whereas we as a people are artistically crude. It is more honest to admit this truth, especially as, like love and cough, it cannot be concealed. Besides we have a preponderance of advantages in other respects, and seeing that we are crude in the way toward remedying it.

Have Plenty of Needles.

"I do not see how women accomplish so much with such wretched tools," remarked a masculine critic the other day, "particularly their needles; they will attack every kind of work with the smallest of needles and with the most indomitable courage. I really admire their pluck, but I often wonder while watching my sisters at work why they do not have implements adapted to what they are doing. A man would have a dozen different shapes of needles

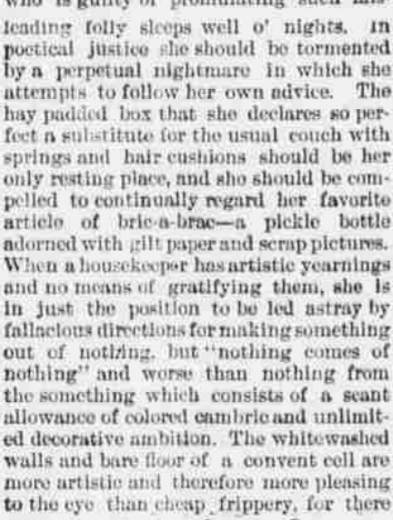
where the woman depends on one slender, insignificant little article for everything.

"I think that every needlebook should contain a sailmaker's needle with its curved point, an upholsterer's needle that reaches any distance and goes through anything, and so on—regular trades needles that we men use when we sew."—New York Tribune.

## MISLEADING FOLLY.

Jadie Chollet on Trying to Make Something Out of Nothing.

It is to be hoped that we shall soon pass beyond the stage of reading and attempting to follow directions how to convert a shabby parlor—for such advice is usually intended for suburban and country residents—into a beautiful and artistic one by means of some old barrels, a scant measure of denim, some turkey red cotton and unlimited straw and tatters. Securely protected by the insulating medium of the press a substitute for the writer reveals in descriptions of this costless luxury. Even when she prescribes a fairly decent front in directions for the remodeling of the down stairs region, once among the bedrooms she flings all restraints to the wind and surrenders herself on castoff fruits tins, dry goods cases, soap boxes and pink glazed cambric at 4 cents per yard. Out of these materials she creates, on paper, furniture for an exquisite sleeping apartment, which needs only the addition of a burlap rug or two and some advertisement pictures framed in jobholder's wire to be artistically complete. It would be interesting to know on psychical grounds if the person who is guilty of promulgating such misleading folly sleeps well at nights. In poetical justice she should be tormented by a perpetual nightmare in which she attempts to follow her own advice. The lady paddled her boat that she declares so perfect a substitute for the usual couch with springs and hair cushions should be her only resting place, and she should be compelled to continually regard her favorite article of bric-a-brac—a pickle bottle adorned with gilt paper and scrap pictures. When a housekeeper has such yearnings and no means of gratifying them, she is in just the position to be led astray by fallacious directions for making something out of nothing, but "nothing comes of nothing" and worse than nothing from the something which consists of a scant allowance of colored cambric and unlimited decorative ambition. The whitewashed walls and bare floor of a convent cell are more artistic and therefore more pleasing to the eye than cheap frippery, for there



is no pretense about them, and therefore no failure. If only \$1 or \$2 can be afforded for refitting a room, let it be spent on fresh paint for the woodwork or the furniture or a pair of good running shoes, which will be a real addition to the attractiveness of the apartment.

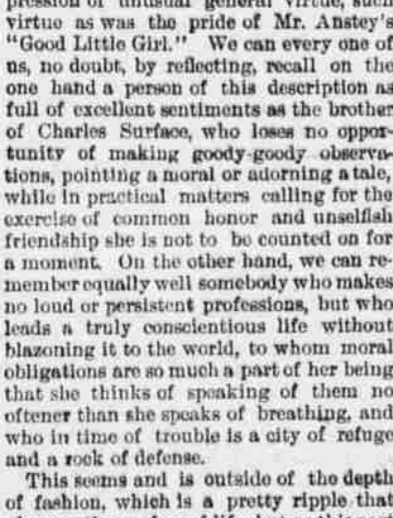
A sketch is given of a wall pocket made of white or cream linen and embroidered in cross stitch, with red and blue crevilles. A set of flannel leavers is added at the bottom to hold needles and pins. Each pocket is bound with laces across the top before being sewed to the back, and the entire article is similarly bound around the edge.

## MORAL HUMBUGS.

Cheap and Showy Goodness Worn to Give a False Impression.

Fortunately moral humbug is going out of style—that is, it is not so universal as it once was. By moral humbug is meant not saintly airs assumed to cover some grave delinquency, but the cheap, showy goodness that is put on to give the impression of unusual general virtue, such virtue as was the pride of Mr. Anstey's "Good Little Girl." We can every one of us, no doubt, by reflecting, recall on the one hand a person of this description as full of excellent sentiments as the brother of Charles Surcouf, who loses no opportunity of making goodly good observations, pointing a moral or adorning a tale, while in practical matters calling for the exercise of common honor and unselfish friendship she is not to be counted on for a moment. On the other hand, we can recall a member equally well somebody who makes no loud or persistent professions, but who leads a truly conscientious life without blazoning it to the world, to whom moral obligations are as much a part of her being that she thinks of speaking of them no oftener than she speaks of breathing, and who in time of trouble is a city of refuge and a rock of defense.

This seems and is outside of the depth of fashion, which is a pretty ripple that plays on the surface of life, but as this part of the paper is for women a little ranging



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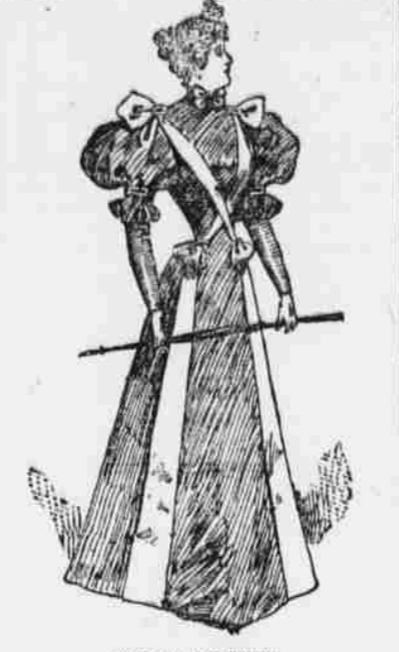
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## THE FADDIST.

Women Who Know a Little of Everything and Much of Nothing.

The word "faddist" has somewhat altered in its significance of late years. Formerly it was used to express some especial taste or bent of the mind, permanent and characteristic. Now it means only a transitory



PRINCESS COSTUME.

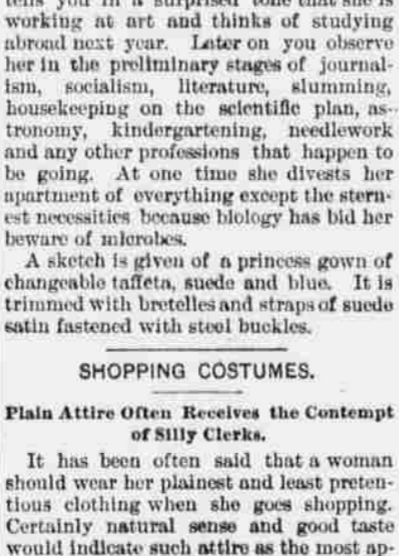
following of some scientific, social or other will-o'-the-wisp, the pursuit being taken up for a mere desire for new things and dropped for the same reason. A hobby, provided it is a fairly rational one, is an excellent possession and carries the owner over many a dull patch in life's journey, but a succession of fads, however amusing they may be for the moment, are so superficial that they are of no real advantage to the one who indulges in them and are rather nonplusing, if the word may be used, to her friends. You meet a young woman whom you think you know very well, and she tells you in a voluble manner that makes you feel your own frivolity that she has been attending a series of medical and anatomical lectures and has concluded to become a physician. Seeing her again some time after, you inquire how she is progressing in her medical studies, and she looks blankly at you and tells you in a surprised tone that she is working at art and thinks of studying abroad next year. Later on you observe her in the preliminary stages of journalism, social science, literature, slumming, housekeeping on the scientific plan, astronomy, kindergarten, needlework and any other professions that happen to be going. At one time she divests her apartment of everything except the sternest necessities because biology has bid her beware of zoology.

A sketch is given of a princess gown of changeable taffeta, suede and blue. It is trimmed with brooches and straps of suede satin fastened with steel buckles.

## SHOPPING COSTUMES.

Plain Attire Often Receives the Contempt of Silly Clerks.

It has been often said that a woman should wear her plainest and least pretentious clothing when she goes shopping. Certainly natural sense and good taste would indicate such attire as the most appropriate and therefore the best, but practical experience leads one to believe that her best bid and tucker are the only wear for the woman who goes forth purchasing and to purchase. Plainly and quietly dressed, she is an object of contempt to the salespeople. As a rule, she has difficulty in finding anybody to wait upon her, and when found the sales person assumes an overbearing, even belligerent, air and makes no pains to supply the wants of the modestly attired customer. Sales men and women are alike prone to slight the plainly dressed woman and favor the one who



wears silk and diamonds. This condition of things may seem a trifle to a man, who, not having experienced it himself, does not know all the small practical annoyances it implies. Almost every woman fully appreciates the spirit that prevails behind the counters of the majority of shops, however, and is beginning to think that the indulgence of good taste at the cost of time, patience, vexation of mind and liability to impertinence is too expensive a luxury. She reluctantly puts on her frills and furbelows when she goes on a shopping expedition in order to secure the ordinary politeness and professional attention of the persons whose business it is to show goods and to whose courtesy all customers are entitled, whether they wear calico or velvet.

If there is any woman whose experience has been so limited that she has not already proved the truth of these statements, let her go shopping one day in a plain, inconspicuous gown, and again the next day in one of obtrusively fashionable cut, color and trimming, and she will ascertain at once whether good taste always pays in anything except a certain placidity of mind. It is satisfactory intellectually to follow one's natural promptings in regard to the abstract fitness of things, but the practical result of such a course is sometimes failure.

The costume illustrated is of nickel gray moire. It has a plain skirt and a round bodice, the latter being covered with jetted tulle, which is gathered under a jet yoke. The black satin belt has long floating ends at the side. The moire sleeves have a puff from shoulder to elbow and thence are plain to the wrist.

It has been suggested that cobras live in Bavaria in middle middle times, while somewhat later a huge viper, like those now living in the hottest parts of Africa, had its home in Switzerland.

Japanese jugglers are deft smokers. Several of them will sit before a certain and from the tobacco smoke which issues from their mouths will form a succession of readable letters.

Mr. Citimann—What in the world are you carrying?

Mr. Smith—Milk and eggs and vegetables and things.

"Huh! Why don't you buy them in the country, where you live?"

"I'm too poor."—New York Weekly.

Presence of Mind in the Breaker's Tent.

A polecat threatened to break up the big camp meeting at Simpson grove. It ambled into the tent of Chaplain Sayres, who warned his brethren not to pay any attention to the beast, it would have put every camper to flight.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Couldn't Very Well.

Principal Smith is one of the wisest and kindest of teachers, but now and then his watchfulness makes him oversuspicious. In the geography class the other day his eye fell upon a boy who seemed to be "taking something."

"Jack," said the master sternly, "take that piece of candy out of your mouth at once."

To his astonishment a giggle went around the room, and the next instant poor Jack answered:

"I can't, sir; it's a gumball."—Detroit Free Press.

City and Country Prices.

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## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

One Little Touch of Nature That Made Many Rough Men Kin.

We were a round dozen of the gloomiest of men, sitting together in the Pullman car one warm June night coming up from Atlanta. There were several reasons for the early dullness, which deepened as the evening wore on. The weather was clammy and uncomfortable, while to open the windows was to invite a coat of soot and shower of cinders. Moreover, the supper had been undeniably bad.

With such conditions it was not to be wondered at that an air of gloomy moroseness pervaded the car. The only party who did not openly evince any evidence of discontent was a group of a sad faced man, a woman with a subdued countenance and a tiny tot of five, apparently the daughter of the man and the niece of the lady. We all knew well enough why they were so quiet. In the baggage car was a rough box, and the little girl clutched tightly a bouquet of the same tulle which had been carried in with the coffin.

Cheerfulness did not increase as the night grew on. Three drummers tried to break the gloom by relating rather off color stories in an audible undertone. A confiding and speculative returning home was confiding his misfortune to a member of congress en route to Washington, and giving his opinion of the land speculation into which he had been drawn in language more expressive than elegant and in a much louder tone than circumstances justified.

Two Atlanta sports were talking over a poker game, interjecting little bursts of profanity into their conversation, hardly broad enough to merit reproach from the conductor, but yet not the kind of talk desirable in families circles. Presently the porter began making up the berth, commencing at the rear, where the funeral party was encoined. The train rumbled on through the darkness, the hum of discontented conversation filled the car and none of the men paid the slightest attention to the white jacketed negro and his work.

By and by there were sounds of a slight disturbance from the back part of the car, which caused every one to turn their eyes thither. In the middle of the aisle stood a little fairy form clad in a snowy nightgown, her golden curls shaking over her shoulders by the rocking of the car, while her blue eyes were troubled and half closed in tears. She was saying in a baby voice, which opposition had caused to rise to its highest pitch, distinguishable above the rumble of the train, "Papa and auntie, I want to go to bed before she went to sleep." Seeing the attention of the other passengers drawn upon them, the father flushed and made no further remonstrance, and the lady also drew back. The little tot got down reverently upon her knees by the side of the berth, clasped her tiny hands and began to pray.

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,  
and so on through it all until the final amen, adding "God bless papa and auntie and poor little Annie, whose mamma has gone away."

Then, unsuspecting they tucked her into the berth. There was no more story telling, no more grumbling, no more growling that night. The train rumbled on with the sleeping mother in the baggage car and the sleeping orphan in the Pullman.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Secret of Keeping Young.

To keep young through advancing years is by no means an easy task, and it might without wide departure from the fact be called the art of modern times. Men have dreamed of it in all ages, and the search for the fountain of youth immortal has been as keen as that for the philosopher's stone, which should transmute all things to gold. It is only in these latter days that it is coming to be recognized that the whole secret lies in the attitude of the mind toward life; that it is not upon outward resources that one is to depend, but that the fountain of immortal youth is within one or nowhere.

Mankind is coming to realize at last that to keep young it is in the first place necessary to be young, and that the many persons who are born, so to say, in their second or third childhoods cannot remain young because they have never been young at all. It is realizing also that to retain the youth when one possesses it is as needful that one have extraordinary flexibility joined to great persistence. The conditions of life alter with advancing years, and it is important that the attitude of the individual toward life remains constantly that of youth.

It is not easy to put into words exactly what is meant here, because the thing is so subtle that it is well nigh impossible for one to define it even to himself, and yet those who are capable of achieving this result are able to comprehend what it means. It is by no means frivolousness, since youth may be youth without being frivolous, and in those advanced in years frivolity is not youthful so much as it is repulsive. The incongruity which it brings out between the years of the actor and the play which he is playing destroys the illusion.—Boston Courier.

A Talk About Ghosts.

The Mere Boy had been troubled a little with amateur photography lately. "I should like," he said cheerfully to the poet, "to take a photograph of your ghost."

"I'll make a note of it," said the poet. "Do you believe in spirit photography?"

In the interests of morality," said the Journalist, "we ought not to discuss such a subject. It has peculiar attractions for the picturesquely inaccurate, not to say the average fraud."

"Precisely so," the Eminent Person said weightily. "Spiritualism always ends in exposure."

"Photography generally begins with it," said the Mere Boy, less weightily.

Besides," the Eminent Person continued, "if a ghost is material enough for the purposes of photography it ought to be material enough for many other things."

"So it is," said the Mere Boy. "It may be material enough for an entire Christmas number."

"You know what I mean. If you can photograph a ghost, why can't you catch it and tame it and teach it to do tricks?"

"Well," the Journalist said, "there is an added sadness to death, if the camera is to pursue us even into the hereafter."—Black and White.

Curry in India.

In India curry is produced at first hand. Different provinces vary the ingredients and the proportions. If brought together the ladies of Madras and the ladies of Calcutta would probably compare receipts, each of course with her own preferences, as do ladies from Philadelphia and Baltimore on the steaming of terrapin, and the ladies from New Orleans and Charleston on the boiling of rice. In one province curries are served with a hot sauce, in another turmeric enroaches. Doubtless there are family receipts for curry among the Brahmins as precious as the receipts of Aunt Glegg and Aunt Pullet.—Harpur's Bazar.

Bidding a Son Goodbye.

Lord Charles, being ordered with his regiment abroad, felt much concern at bidding farewell to his aged father, whom he might never see again. On his making the announcement, the duke, who had been reading, damped his emotion by saying shortly, "Goodbye, Charlie, goodbye!"

And Hiram meekly followed, without a single protest against the home article of petticoat government.—Detroit Free Press.

Wild Hogs in Washington.

In Snohomish county, forty miles north of Seattle, are a lot of wild hogs, the number being estimated at 500. Some years ago about forty pigs got away from a farmer, James Duval, and they have since multiplied like rabbits. They are rapidly developing all the traits of the hog which has never been domesticated. They are becoming grunting, long haired, long tusked and savage, and they run swiftly through the underbrush, forcing their way wherever they choose to go. Hunting them, as hogs are still hunted in northern Europe, in the preserves of the nobility, is getting to be a favorite sport of the young Snohomish farmers.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## Walking on the Water.

Walking on water has been accomplished by at least two Englishmen—Captain Terry and Professor O. W. Oldreive—both of whom use specially made floats.

Terry in 1889 walked on the Thames from Barnes to Mortlake, in England, at the rate of nearly four miles an hour, and intimated an intention of walking across the channel from Dover to Calais, but that walk has not yet come off. Professor Oldreive, who is the champion water walker of the world, has made several successful exhibitions of his power both in Europe and in this country. He successfully breasted the Niagara rapids, walking on the rapids through Hunter falls in the presence of more than 2,000 spectators.

He also performed a daring and dangerous feat in Boston bay on July 27, 1893. On that occasion he started on a trial trip across Hull gut. Three or four harbor boats passed near him and he was obliged to take their wash, but notwithstanding this he accomplished the feat easily in fifteen minutes, the distance being about a quarter of a mile. The professor was taken into Mr. Cumliff's steam yacht, which steamed away with him for his next trip. He was lowered into the water and at once turned his face toward the mainland.

So rough was the sea that the breakers hit him from view nearly half the time. The yacht followed as closely as possible, her occupants momentarily expecting to see the professor disappear beneath the surface and never rise. After a plucky struggle a distance of five miles was successfully covered, and Professor Oldreive made a successful landing at a point near Strawberry hill.

The wooden floats on the professor's feet were square boxes of cedar four feet long, furnished at the top with a recess for the feet and in the bottom with a series of collapsible paddles, hinged to swing horizontally, and on the backward push present a flat surface like the membrane of a duck's foot.—Toledo Commercial.

Newspaper Postage Stamps.

A \$60 postage stamp—who ever heard of such a thing? A natural ejaculation for ninety-nine men out of a hundred to make if you talked of a stamp so valuable, and yet there are such stamps in daily use. There are \$48 stamps, too; \$30, \$24, \$12, \$6, \$3, \$1.50, 90 cents, 84 cents and so on down to and including 1 cent, all of a peculiar kind, which not one man in a thousand, unless he be a postal employee, ever heard of or ever saw.

These stamps are for the payment of postage on newspapers and periodicals. There was a time when stamps were placed direct upon the periodicals. Now Uncle Sam does all the stamping himself. He has all the fun of licking the stamps, pasting them on and then spilling their handsome faces with ugly black cancellation marks.

The stamps used for paying this postage are about three-quarters of an inch in length by an inch and a quarter in width. From 1 cent up to 12 cents they are a slate color, from 13 cents to 16 cents red, while the higher priced ones are red, blue, yellow and green.

The stamp bears upon it the words "newspapers" along one side and "periodicals" on the other, the denomination mark being in the corner. The postage is paid on the papers by check or cash, all large papers keeping a sum on deposit ahead each week. The postage for the day is figured up according to the weight of the package, and the stamps, to the extent of the postage, are then selected. These are affixed in a row to a sheet in a large book and cancelled.

Once every quarter these canceled stamp slips are sent on to Washington, where they are kept for record. None of these stamps are ever sold.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Swedish Clover.

Possibly the most remarkably instance of foreign travel in a plant is in connection with the Swedish clover. When Linnaeus first saw it in Sweden it was comparatively scarce, and he supposed it to be a hybrid between the red and white clovers, and named it Trifolium hybridum. He could not have been a believer in a modern proposition that hybrids are sterile, though there are a few sterile instances, as this clover is abundantly productive, whether receiving the attention of bees or not. In America it was barely known a few years ago. At that time some sharp eyed and nimble legged botanists were overjoyed at seeing a plant here and there about Montreal.

Now the traveler, with his eyes out of the car window, may see it in abundance everywhere. On Mount Desert island it is nearly as common as the white or red clover. Its mottled white and red flowers, and particularly sweet odor, make it a favorite wild flower bunch for the ladies. It is in most of the hotel vases as parlor ornaments.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

Petticoat Home Rule.

We were going through Canada, and as soon as we entered the queen's dominions a St. Louis man who was in the smoking car with us began to talk.

"No petticoat government for me," he was saying. "I want to get out of this country as quick as I can. I tell you, gentlemen, I never did believe in petticoat government; women are all right in their proper spheres, but when it comes to government—"

At this moment the car door opened, and through the opening came a stout, well-dressed, spectacled woman presented herself.

"Is that you, Hiram? I guess you've smoked about enough. Come back into the sleeper. It makes me sick and dizzy to stay here. Come, hurry up," and she held the door open while she waited.

And Hiram meekly followed, without a single protest against the home article of petticoat government.—Detroit Free Press.

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